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JUNE, 1942

The Liberalist

PUBLISHED BY THE PEOPLES CHURCH OF CHICAGO

Silent Sermons

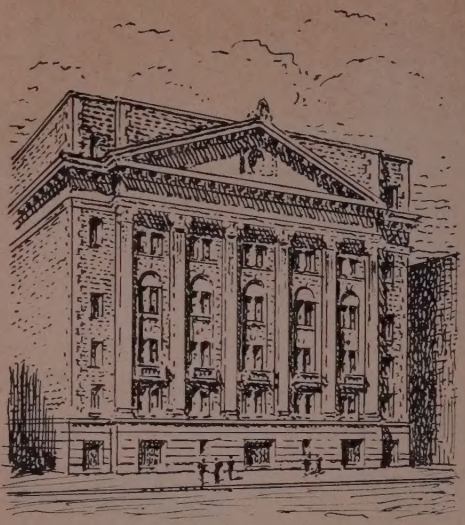
By GRENVILLE KLEISER

I LIKE to read in silent tree
The lesson that is there for me;
Its brawny arms outstretched in air
Bespeaking power and purpose there.

Again I find in running brooks
More wisdom than in many books;
While rugged stones and fragrant flowers
Speak peace to me for happy hours.

The stars that shine through darkest night
Tell me of God's majestic might;
A sermon clear the sun conveys,
Dispelling shadows with its rays.

Thoughts inspired by soaring birds
Oft outweigh a million words;
God's silent things of earth and sky,
Our man-made eloquence defy.



THE PEOPLES CHURCH OF CHICAGO

Lawrence Ave. at Sheridan Road

This Church was founded July 7, 1912, as a liberal independent church. It united with the American Unitarian Association, Western Unitarian Conference and National Federation of Religious Liberals in 1923. Property purchased for new building 1924. Ground broken June 14, 1925. Corner stone laid November 15, 1925. Church dedicated October 10, 1926. Preston Bradley has been the Pastor from the beginning of the Church.

Declaration of Principles

"The purpose of the church is to deal in plain terms with the supreme things in human life as measured by the rational conclusions of science and history. It seeks to promote a conception of nature, history and the meaning of life in accordance with the facts of experience and with the progress of growing knowledge. It is essentially religious, not in the traditional but in the scientific and ethical sense of the word. It regards religion as spiritual energy directing itself toward the enrichment of the individual life and the perfection of the social order. This church assumes the right of every one to think his or her own thoughts, and expects the greatest progress to follow from entire intellectual liberty and perfect freedom of judgment. It welcomes to its membership all who wish to co-operate in making a world which shall be enlightened by knowledge, guided by reason and animated by good-will."

The Liberalist
PRESTON BRADLEY, Editor
GRACE THAYER BRADLEY, Associate Editor

Volume XIX **JUNE, 1942** *Number 3*

A PERSONAL MESSAGE

IT SEEMS incredible that our church year is almost at a close. There are two remaining Sundays. On Sunday, June 7th, I am preaching the annual Baccalaureate sermon for the 1942 graduates of Chicago schools and colleges.

Beginning with last month and extending until the 19th of this month, I shall have been speaking almost nightly to graduating classes. They have said a great deal more to me than I have been able to say to them. I have never known young people to be more attentive and serious in a presentation of the problems and difficulties of life than they are now. Frequently after a commencement I have stood for an hour while I was surrounded by members of the class who asked questions and who discussed the things which I said. Their attitude is very significant. To me it is extremely hopeful.

I am convinced that these young people who will bear the heaviest load of the war will also reveal a capacity for leadership when the difficult days of peacemaking arrive. I care not what the critics of modern youth are saying, as far as I am concerned I have never known young people to be finer, more alert to impending national danger, more aware of the part they must play or more willing to play that part than they are today. Their whole attitude is characterized by an unusually clear perception of what is involved in this world struggle and what can be done about it. They have nowhere near the defeatism, cynicism and despair which I have found in many people much older.

Our closing Sunday for the season will be June 14th. To me it will be the most important Sunday of the whole year, for I commemorate the thirtieth anniversary of my work with an anniversary sermon. I wish every friend and member and radio listener of the church would make every effort to be present.

I do not know as yet what the summer will bring, where I will be, or what I will be doing. I do know it is not going to be an entire summer of rest and study, because I shall be traveling to the camps scattered about the nation, attempting to inspire and help our gallant men in the military forces. I am going to make one trip to Canada, speaking to the Canadians. It will be a busy summer for us all, and before it begins, may we all meet at our closing service, June 14th.

P. B.

SUMMER PLANS

The church will hold its closing service for the summer Sunday morning, June 14th. At this service the church will observe the Thirtieth Anniversary of our pastor, who will preach on an anniversary theme.

Through the cooperation of station WJJD, which has broadcast our services for many years, Dr. Bradley will be heard every Sunday morning at 11:00 o'clock, in a fifteen minute broadcast all summer long. He is now engaged in making the transcriptions for these broadcasts and while it will be impossible for him obviously to discuss contemporary news and events, he is planning that every broadcast will be one of inspiration and help to every listener. Will you tell your friends about these broadcasts? It will give our church an opportunity of remaining on the air, and will give us the opportunity of hearing the voice of our pastor, no matter where he may happen to be.

This opportunity is a sustaining feature of station WJJD and comes to the listening public with the compliments of the station. It would be an act of appreciation if you would write the station a line, expressing your gratitude for the opportunity of hearing Dr. Bradley throughout the summer. Dr. Bradley would also appreciate hearing from his listeners about the summer broadcasts. G. T. B.

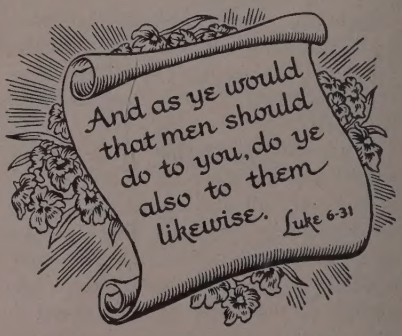
RELIGIOUS PRESS

President Roosevelt, in a letter recently sent to the Associated Church Press, which has just held its annual session, made a very true and clear statement regarding the place of church magazines and religious periodicals in this hour, declaring that it was well, "often to reiterate the simple truth that the downfall of any of the democracies is a threat to our own democratic way of life and to freedom everywhere."

The chief executive further wrote:

"Our religious press can be a guide and a beacon, a real tower of strength in this momentous struggle. It seems to me that it should come within the special province of the religious press to proclaim the strength that lies in spiritual things—a strength which no mere physical force can overcome and which, under God, we shall maintain in complete national unity.

"But in striving for unity, we do not aim at uniformity. Uniformity is of the very essence of the totalitarian tyranny. In the real spirit of our free institutions, we must retain diversity of religious outlook."



MEDITATION

MORNING PRAYER IN RECENT CHURCH SERVICE

"ETERNAL Light and source of all love and truth and beauty in the world, we lift our voices in this moment of pastoral prayer in which we crystallize the sentiments and the longings and dreams and aspirations of our congregation and those who are bowed with us in prayer, wherever they might be at this moment. We would express our gratitude, gratitude that during these past weeks in which we have been far afield from familiar haunts and places and peoples, among strange customs and speech and personalities, we have been guarded and protected and are back again in the pulpit which we love. We are grateful for all the opportunities, for everything which we have seen, for every impression which has been made against the plate of our inner consciousness, we are grateful for the enlargement of our own area of understanding of the problems and difficulties of people who have a different background and a different culture but a similarity of ideals and a uniformity of spirit.

"We would express our gratitude and our appreciation that among all the hazards and the difficulties which we have encountered, our path led directly back to our beloved Church and that we can look into the faces again of these our friends and co-workers in this great experiment of religion and of life.

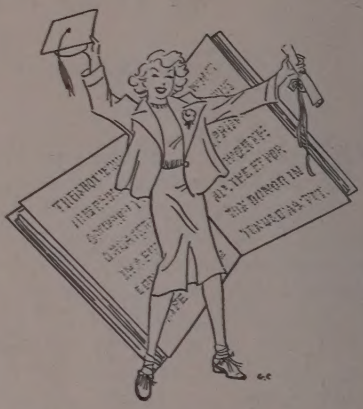
"We would ask at the very beginning of our activities in this final quarter of our Church year that we might have an unusual opportunity of presenting those fundamental conceptions of eternal values, and that in the responsibility which is upon us it might be possible for us to meet that responsibility more adequately than we have ever been able to meet it in the past. At an hour when countless human hearts are saddened and discouraged and disillusioned, at an hour when pain more deep and penetrating than the pain of body is taking place in the hearts and souls of thousands of this earth, at a time when the very utmost constructive principles for the co-operation of humanity seem to be assaulted with all the madness of evil genius and all of the achievement of great power, might we speak words which will be instrumental in eliminating darkness and letting in the light—words which will be instrumental in taking crushed and broken lives and, in the reconstruction and reorganization necessary, translating those lives into a finer quality of the life expression. We ask in this opportunity, that we might be instrumental in speaking words that will have strength and vitality and that we might not be apologetic or explanatory but that we might have in our possession as one of its priceless attributes the dogmatism of the divine. Might we feel that in an hour of assault and mutilation of the highest dreams and hopes of men it is the very hour for which those dreams were born.

And so, emanating from our services today, we would send to every broken life, to everyone blinded in the helpless dreams of defeat and terror; we

would send to every broken and wounded body; to everyone who is ill; to every one who is in an institution; to everyone who is old and tired; to everyone who has sinned and failed; to everyone whose heart at this moment might be filled with a sense of defeatism, of remorse and sorrow for the yesterdays of their life; to all who are in the environment of this service; such beacon rays of constructive power that immediately the redemption processes would be put in operation and lives would be transferred and elevated, pain would cease, sorrow would vanish, weakness would be turned into strength, and life become the resurrection of the finest and the most beautiful vitality that is always associated with life at its best.

"And to all those who are finding it an experience of such difficult nature that they seek for every influence of health, we ask that they may find it here. To those of any variety of creed or faith, those who are bedecked by any color of humanity, those of any political complexion or loyalty, in this hour when we sweep aside all impedimenta that prevents the soul's perception of the eternal, infinite good, may that presence be revealed. As the priest upon his altar holds the sacred symbol to the adoring throng in the hush of silence of God incoronated, so may we hold high upon the altar of life the incoronation of the supreme Spirit, the eternal Truth, which in whatever form, in whatever manner, against every upheaval and every difficulty remains the inspiring, stabilizing, integrating, unifying influence to bring humanity to the high conception of its noble destiny. May the presence, the revealed presence of that eternal truth be in every heart. Amen.

—P. B.



Lines To a Graduate

By PEARL YEADON McGINNIS

A DOOR is opening for you today.
A door that leads to paths as yet unknown.
Experience awaits along the way,
Which clear at times, is sometimes overgrown.
There many travelers you are bound to meet;
There joy and sorrow journey hand in hand;
And selfishness and greed and smug conceit
And discontent, which form a robber band.

And could I give you for your route ahead
A garment made to shield you from all harm,
I fear I would withhold, and in its stead,
Give courage and a faith deaf to alarm.
Thus fortified I would not fear for you,
Though paths be rough, you would walk safely through.

PRIORITIES IN RELIGION

SERMON BY DR. PRESTON BRADLEY

Pastor of The Peoples Church of Chicago, April 26, 1942

STENOGRAPHICALLY REPORTED

IT IS appropriate, I think, that my first words to you this morning should be words of appreciation and gratitude that in spite of the thousands of miles which I have traveled in the last two and a half weeks, our paths once more have crossed here in the Church which we have all learned to love and which has become such a source of inspiration to us all.

I particularly want to express my appreciation at this moment to the Reverend William F. McDermott, Religion editor of the *Chicago Daily News,* for the acceptable way in which he conducted the services and preached the sermon on the first Sunday, and also to the Reverend Lon Ray Call, Secretary of the Western Unitarian Conference, who conducted the services and preached the sermon on the second Sunday, and who were received in such an acceptable manner by the listeners. I express my appreciation to these men and am grateful for their friendship and the co-operation which you, as the congregation, gave to them during the Sundays when I was absent.

A week ago today I was in the Union Church of Mexico City and while my body was there, my mind and heart were here. I was thinking of this service in which we are now engaged on this, the first Sunday of my return from my post-Easter holiday. I was wondering what I could say that would be of sufficient importance and significance as to warrant your attention and merit your listening.

One of the difficulties which any man has to face who stays a long time in one pulpit, is the danger of repetition, the danger of becoming so familiar to his people that when he announces a subject they can easily anticipate what he is going to say upon that subject. That is the danger which I recognize and which I have not always been successful in avoiding. Perhaps one of the reasons is that my whole ministry has been characterized by a great dominating motif. Really every minister has but one sermon. I do not think that I have ever preached but one sermon in my entire ministry. Everything else and every other thing is but a variation of the same theme, one great dominating theme, which takes possession of a man's life and becomes the supreme passion of a man's soul. Every time that man arises to speak, no matter what his subject is, he is always giving it against the sounding board of that great dominating theme of his life. I have had but one theme in all the years in which I have stood in this pulpit. Everything which I have said has only been some form of a variation from the dominance of that one imperative. It is true of the subject this morning. I want and I shall make it my ambition that every spoken word from now until the closing Sunday of the Church year, shall add nothing whatever to the obscurity and the complicated, intricate character of our modern life expression. That it is intricate, I acknowledge. That it is complicated, we all agree, and that there are so many varieties and so

many changes and decisions to be made, and so many important things to be considered that unless we bring to our problems the finest type of mental and spiritual equipment we will find ourselves becoming increasingly in the mood of hysteria, of difficulty, and of danger. Therefore, I am going to emphasize for all of these concluding Sundays, no matter what the subject might happen to be, the necessity of stripping all of the accoutrements, all of the baggage, all of the unnecessary, all of the unreal, everything which is not vital and essential, and attempting by this denuding to see things in reality and to see them with a view to their own complete enduring significance.

This, it seems to me, is one of the supreme needs of this hour for all of us, as each of our lives becomes increasingly complicated. Every businessman here or listening knows that his whole activity in life has become increasingly complicated, sometimes almost to the point of driving him to despair. He wants to co-operate with the nation. He wants to co-operate with the war effort, he wants to be a good citizen and do the best he can, but he finds himself in a perfect maze in all sorts of complicated and intricate approaches of one thing and another and the result of that is an inevitable weakening of his own strength. That is always the product of the non-essential emphasis. When an individual spends his energies of life about things that are not important and not essential to the main current and the main stream of his life activities, that individual gradually weakens and becomes less impressive and efficient. He begins to wonder why. The reason is very obvious to all careful and analytical students who study the failures of humanity. This is the one hour and supreme moment for each of us to make up our minds about this lesson of the priorities of life, the things that we as individuals are going to put first in our lives: the things in this hour that are going to have precedence over everything else in my life and yours—the things to which we are going to give the most of our best selves—the things that will constitute the source of inspiring us into our highest loyalties—that is living life beautifully, brilliantly and victoriously in an age of complicated and intricate character!

Now, from my point of view, the highest source of inspiration to that kind of living is to be found in a keen, rational understanding of what constitutes the religious impulse. I happen to accept the idea expressed by a great essayist, that the most important thing about you is your religion. Let me know the thing that commands your highest loyalty in that field and I will be able to analyze all the rest of your life. There isn't anything that indicates character in an individual like the religious quality that dominates his activities and life. Therefore, when I use the phrase "priorities in religion" or "priority rights" I am but reaching out and selecting from the common parlance of our modern world an idea which I am transferring over into the field of human relationship and of human life. And what is that idea? It would be rather absurd and a waste of time and energy for me to explain to this or any other audience in the United States what we mean by "priorities." There are businessmen in this congregation this morning who know full well what priority means and what is indicated by priorities and priority rights. I am interested in the philosophy that we might take the rule and bring it over into our daily associations and contacts and apply the

same principle of priority to my life and your life as we are applying in the war enterprises. What is that priority?

Obviously modern business, industry and its whole economic background developed and produced with facility and with strength and with beauty and power a great many things classified in our American life as "luxuries" —they are not spoken of as "necessities." We have advanced in our standard of living as Americans from the point where, less than a hundred years ago our needs were represented by only about 150 different things, things that we needed for sustenance, for comfort, for food, for protection; our needs as individuals were only about 150 things. Interesting it is to observe that in a century's development as a nation and as a people our *needs* today have remained practically stationary. We have, as far as we are concerned, practically no more needs today than we had 150 years ago. The needs are basic, the needs are fundamental, the needs are elemental. Our needs for the living and building of life and the maintenance of a certain standard of life do not vary very much even with all the accomplishments and achievements of science, invention, machinery and all the rest which has come to the American people. At the same period our *wants* were represented by nearly 1,000 different varieties; and today the nearly 1,000 different varieties of our *wants* have advanced to the classification, which students interested in this question have been able to give and ascertain, as representing now nearly 10,000 wants. We had a thousand wants that could be incorporated in the principle of a "plus" existence, an existence which was beyond bare need, an existence which brought the "plus" factor into human living; and the wants have grown from 1,000 to more than 10,000, which represent the increase and advance of something which we have called a "standard of living."

Now, with the wide variance, and the variance is tremendous, between my need, what I need and what I want, and what you need and what you want in this life, it has become necessary to apply to the whole resourcefulness and potentiality of a people that developed the capacity to produce 10,000 wants for the American people, a yardstick as to what the needs of the American people are. When anything in the production of our wants—what we *want* to maintain our ease, to maintain our security, our standard of living, our comfort, and all the other things that are implied by the idea of our wants—when anything is now discovered to be only essential to a want, and not primarily a part of a need, something called "priority" must prevail. A great effort of the whole nation is now utilized in the necessity of producing not wants but needs. When the people who compose this nation feel that it is no business of the government and that no one has any right to interfere with their own sense of well-being and comfort due to the imperative of a standard of living, but when there is involved at the same time the fundamental issue that in the finality represents the difference between slavery and tyranny and the danger that our wants may have developed to such an extent that will impede the necessity of developing and creating that which is affirmed and proven as needed to maintain freedom and life and liberty, then priority comes in. It does not consider the 30, 40 or 50 years of a man's life that he may have been engaged in building an honorable business. It does not con-

sider the sacrifices that he may have made over a long period of time. There are hundreds of thousands of American businessmen today who are awakening every morning a little nearer failure, bankruptcy and breakdowns; there are thousands engaged in perfectly legitimate, honorable businesses and manufacturing that are perfectly honorable who are facing permanent defeat as far as that specific thing is concerned, because of something called, justly and rightly, "priorities."

In this question of the wants of the individual and the needs of the individual, can we apply it now to the field of religion? First, I think I should give you, as I probably have done often in the past, in a sentence or two, what I mean when I use the word "religion." When I bring the word "religion" into the discussion, obviously I do not mean "Christianity" as it is evidenced in ecclesiastical formations. When I say "religion" I do not mean the Church, I do not mean a theory, I do not mean a creed—when I say "religion" I mean that continuing, persisting something in the human consciousness that is always reluctant to let man go when man is less than the highest of his comprehensions. There is at work in this universe a principle of unity, integration, preservation, promotion, projection and protection of the life beautiful. That principle is a part of the cosmos. You see it in the glory of the spring, you see it in the beauty of these flowers, you see it in the heart of a little child, you see it in the loving tenderness of an old father and his attitude toward youth; you see it in the caress of beauty of a benign and wonderful mother; you see it in the return of affection of your little dog as he looks into your face at a touch of kindness; you see it in the response of the sightless eyes of the beggar who stands in front of the cathedral garbed in rags and his body a mass of sores as he holds out his hand for a pittance; you see it in the sacrifice of great personalities who have left fame and fortune and social position and dollars and have gone throughout the world of need and the world of suffering and of pain; you see it in the majestic presence of Sir Wilfred T. Grenfell, whom I saw stepping down a ship's ladder off the coast of Labrador one afternoon, where his own little ship the "Strathcona" was waiting a few hundred feet away to take him to the barren wastes of Labrador among a people of poverty and illiteracy to give his genius and his soul; you see it in the majesty of sacrifice in a million, million examples that I could give you. You see it in the story of Mary the Apple Woman of London who, at the time of the great plague that swept over London and took its hundreds of thousands of dead, when royalty left the city, Mary the Apple Woman stayed to take care of the dying and to help bury the dead; you see it in millions and millions of examples that I could give you today. What is that? I call it *"RELIGION" at its highest, and its best.*

Where do you find it? In every church of the world: you will find it under the gold-encased dome of the Roman Catholic Cathedral, you will find it in the simple little white meeting house of the silent Quaker; you will find it in the great plains and prairies of the open spaces; you will find it in the sky; you will find it under the sea; you will find it wherever brave men are, who rise above the pettiness of creed and dogma, away from the limitations of labels and limitations of intellectual character. You will find it wherever there is the response to the will of the eternal. That is religion

and it is in the world now; there never was more in the world than there is now, and that thing will never be defeated and never be delayed, and never be absorbed by any of the viciousness that is associated with the diabolical activities of men! That is religion. It is as eternal as the hills, it is as high as the sky, as deep as the sea; it is in the heart of a friend, it is in the soul of a loved one. The world is unified not by economic and industrial unities, not by needs and corporations and balances of power; the higher unification which is existent in the heart and soul of the cosmos is the unification of this religious vitality which never shows itself to any finer advantage than in moments of change, of stress and difficulty. That is the glory of this hour.

When we come to the question of priorities in religion, apply the same law that you applied between the wants and needs of man in the field of business, science or industry. There is a great deal between my need and want religiously. I may want, religiously, to be absolutely relieved from all anxiety or doubt; I may want, religiously, to be "At ease in Zion" as the old phrase goes; I may want to have such a consuming faith that the most ridiculous and absurd theology may bring me a semblance of peace. I may want to be protected so that no storms of life can ever disturb the equanimity and poise of my life. I may want all these things and I may demand that religion shall do this for me. I may want to be comfortable in my religion, and so sure and certain of this and confident of that, that I will have such a sweet sense of rhythm that nothing will ever be able to bring me any sense of challenge, disturbance or change. If you apply the principle of priority in the field of religion in this particular, you will make the discovery for yourself that it was not in the hour of ancient Israel when it had no disadvantages, barriers or impediments to face that it was its greatest. When was it its greatest? At the time of the exile, in the hour of bondage. When was Christianity its greatest? When it was the petted plaything of the State and when the King crowned the Popes and the Popes crowned the Emperors, and there was no difficulty between the two of them, and there was no challenge, no attack, no tragic challenge to meet for permanence and perpetuity? Then it was that the Church, under its wants of power and strength, started on its ghastly and tragic decay which was only weeded out through the long centuries of climbing back again over barrier and obstacle to the full fruition of an institution of God. You are not great when there is no difficulty; you are not great when there is no challenge; you are not great under sunny skies.

Walt Whitman told us the test of the true lover of Nature was to be found in two things: do you love the wind, and do you love the rain? Anybody can love a cloudless sky, a beautiful sunset, or go into raptures over a beautiful flower. Anybody can love Nature as you stand at the bow of a mighty ship with a calm ocean and flying fish giving evidence of glistening gold and silver in their wings, and a sea at rest. You can stand there and say: "Beautiful sea, beautiful sky, beautiful ocean, beautiful life." Anybody can say, when fame and fortune and health has been showered upon them, "Life is beautiful, life is beautiful"; but this is not the true lover of life. Christianity was born with a cross, and the most powerful epochs of the application of Christianity to the needs of men, were those epochs when it was most under attack; and in

this hour when every decent thing in the world, when everything of beauty, goodness and truth and freedom and light is in jeopardy—in this hour when countless thousands of our youth who might expect a maturity in which they would have 50, 60, 70 years to live of life, to propagate, to become a part of society and to leave beautiful memories of a long and beautiful life . . . in this age when youth increasingly at 20, 21, 22, 30, will experience death, that is an hour in which you should not be discouraged and should not attack and should not develop hysteria and should not say: "Why should these things be?" It is an hour of test, an hour of challenge that makes a person great! Life without a temptation would be life without a triumph. No individual who has never been tempted is ever strong. No nation that has never had difficulties has ever survived. No individual who has never had anything but clear skies ever becomes significant or important. And in this hour the whole wide world is divided into but two camps of loyalties, loyalty to the free way of life, to the full fruition as human personalities, or loyalty to the sovereignty of the tyrant! Only two camps in the world today! Apply the principle of priority to your life and see how, by the sacrifice which is entailed in the application of priority, you shall rise to the full stature of great and enduring character! That shall be the crowning achievement of this agonized world in which we live; and then we shall produce men like that noble Bishop of Norway, head of the great Lutheran Church, who was called but a few days ago before the arch-traitor Quisling, whose name shall be identified for all time with the names of Judas and Benedict Arnold, calling him the "Puppet Power"; and this puppet power looked into the face of the great Bishop of Norway and he said to him, "You are a double traitor and you deserve execution." The old Bishop, and he was not very old, squared back his shoulders, put up his chin, and looked into the face of the traitor Quisling. Traitors cannot stand too sharp a look from anybody, but he looked into the face of the traitor Quisling and said to him, "Deserve execution? Well, Quisling, I am ready." And when the bishop spoke, Norway's heart leaped again and Quisling cowed, the coward that he is, and dare not touch the Bishop of Norway, and Hitler in the last few days has said to Norway and to Quisling, "We had better go easy on the Norwegians." The Bishop put "priority" in religion; he did not ask to escape, he found in religion his victory over Quisling: "I am ready."

That spirit is alive in every nation of this earth, and that spirit will triumph!

The Miracle

IF spring came but once in a century, instead of once a year, or burst forth with the sound of an earthquake, and not in silence, what wonder and expectation there would be in all hearts to behold the miraculous change! But now the silent succession suggests nothing but necessity. To most men only the cessation of the miracle would be miraculous, and the perpetual exercise of God's power seems less wonderful than its withdrawal would be.

—*Longfellow.*

The *RADIO* MAIL BAG

By GRACE THAYER BRADLEY

DO YOU know the warm glow which comes in the heart, kindling fires of happy memories, when a letter is received from an old friend from whom you have been separated many years? We have received a letter from one of our oldest and dearest friends connected with The Peoples Church—as true and loyal a friend as one could ever have! A friendship formed way back in the early days of Dr. Bradley's career, thirty years ago.

Dr. J. F. Presnell lived in Chicago at that time and became a member of the first board of trustees of The Peoples Church. His kindness, counsel and encouragement, his sympathy and understanding, helped in a large way the young minister on the rough road of experience through those early years. Mrs. Presnell was a charter member of the Woman's Club and was very active in the work as long as they remained in Chicago.

When the United States went into the World War, Dr. Presnell went immediately into service in an eastern camp hospital base, he having had experience in the Spanish-American war. He remained in the Army, having the rank of Major, and never returned to Chicago to reside. After Mrs. Presnell's death he went to California to live. This letter came from Los Angeles, and I am going to quote a few paragraphs, as I think there are still members in the church who will be interested. The letter begins:

"I was so happy to receive the October Liberalist and have read it thoroughly. My! What memories it does bring of the early days of The Peoples Church. And is it possible that thirty years have passed over us? I was in Chicago in 1939 and again last year, but both times in the summer, so could not get in touch with you. This last time I drove east as far as Chicago with Bob, and we drove through the Wilson Avenue district together. It rather saddened us. How I would have loved to have seen you both!

"Bob went on to Ft. Monmouth, N. J., a Major in the Signal Corps of the Army, and has a very important job in the Educational Films section of the Signal Corps.

"I know you two are very busy people, but I would appreciate a letter from you. In regard to the war, I sit here and listen to the radio and chafe at the bit because I probably will not be able to serve. I was sitting at my radio when Honolulu was bombed, and heard them switch to Manila when that city was being bombed, and as I had been in both those places in the Spanish-American war and knew the landmarks well, I got a good picture of the terrible happenings.

"I don't mean I would be physically unable to attend—my health is better than the average—but if I live to next month I will be 75 years old and will have been retired from the army eleven years, and I retired from practice entirely, two years ago, when my second wife passed away. So unless there is a terrible emergency like a scourge, I doubt if I would be called.

"In the Spring I go north to the vicinity of Portland and fish for salmon in the Willamette, or the Columbia, and later for trout in some of the beautiful mountain lakes—sometimes go again in the Fall.

"Please let me hear from you, Preston, for I hold you in higher regard than you may think.

As always, sincerely your friend,
James F. Presnell.

* * * * *

Here is such a kind note from a member of "Friends of Literature," and it is nice to hear that her invalid mother receives the church service via radio on Sunday mornings. Her note follows:

"I was very much stirred by your address last Sunday morning. Mother, who is an invalid, and I heard you from our living room at Batavia, Illinois.

"I find myself wishing and wishing that you were one of those who would sit at the peace table—arranging the peace that is to be—after this horrible war. May they all be as fairminded as you!"

* * * * *

A letter from Niles, Michigan, is interesting. There may be some readers who will take the hint if the shoe pinches!

"I was much impressed with your talk one evening last week on 'An Educated Person.' I would like very much to buy a copy of that address if available, for putting away among my treasures. If you cannot send a copy I hope that some day you will put it in book form.

"There are so many splendid parents and relatives who, having been denied the privilege of a University education, have sacrificed to give to their children that which they could only have in part by self-education; only to find when it was over that the 'educated' child had a superiority complex.

"I know a beautiful, talented young woman who presents just such a case. She comes from a fine, cultured, religious family. The mother had a high school training, the father two years of college. They represent the finest type of American homemakers and parents; have the highest standards of American people.

"This young woman had five years of university work, and used it well along the lines she followed. But oh! the heartache she is bringing to her family and that of her husband, just because she is an intellectual snob.

"She married a fine young fellow from the same kind of family that she came from, but he had only a high school education and went right into business—and is a success. But she is so self-satisfied that she is taking him from his friends and family. He is peace-loving and has a deep affection for her and is trying to make his marriage vows something more than words.

"Dr. Bradley, this next June, when you talk to the hundreds of graduates, give them the talk you gave the other night. It will, perhaps, save many heartaches.

"If you ever write a book on this subject I will surely want to buy many. I'd give it to every boy and girl graduate I know."

* * * * *

Now that June has come, church services will close on the 14th for the summer months. But that doesn't mean you will not hear Dr. Bradley over the radio, for every Sunday morning at eleven o'clock there will be a short service of The Peoples Church and Dr. Bradley's message, broadcast by WJJD, by transcription. He hopes his radio friends will listen in, wherever they happen to be at that hour,

and for that brief period will be with him "over the air." Also we hope you will write him during the summer. His mail will be forwarded from the church, and we want to find your friendly messages in the Mail Bag! The Liberalist and The Dial will be published regularly. So—please write —AND — KEEP — ON — THE — BEAM!

ON THE HONOR ROLL

At the afternoon service on Easter Sunday, the Honor Roll of The Peoples Church was unveiled. This roll contains the names of those members and workers in The Peoples Church, both men and women, who are "In the Service" of our country. Names will be added from time to time, as it becomes necessary.

Arthur J. Williams
Harold Hanson
John L. Freitag
George Freitag
Howard Wentz
Kurt Proud
Kurt Meyer
George Formanek, Jr.
Lloyd Blue, Jr.
Howard Carlseen
Clinton R. Sipe
Dr. Henry C. Johannes
Edward W. Nonnenbruch
Wm. Robert DeWees
Harold Ingersoll
Henry J. Tinling
Yale W. Rowley
Wendel Estal
Winslow Heg
Herbert Bluhm
Ben C. Bluhm
Douglas L. Palo
James H. Meyer
Robert H. Meyer
Lester G. Riley
William F. Hobbs
Duane Terry
Frank G. Christ
Richard P. Strand
Norman P. Anderson
Arthur E. Toepfer
Muriel Mlyniec
Robert Murphy
Robert Olson
Frans Eronson
Forrest A. Oldenburg
William V. Myers
James Code
Henry Willeumier
Alfred Taylor
Robert E. Gill
George John Smith
Hans Kramer
Howard C. Nelson

ARE YOU CHANGING YOUR ADDRESS?

It will be greatly appreciated by the church office, in case you are changing your address, if you will please send in your name and new address very plainly written, preferably typed or printed, so we may have a correct mailing list. It may interest people to know that poor handwriting is estimated by the Post Office Department to cost the American people approximately eighty million dollars a year.

We know by experience that this is true, for lack of correct addresses costs us a great deal in wasted postage and stationery. Therefore we will greatly appreciate it and thank you, and so will Uncle Sam, if you will give this your careful attention.

May H. Harrison, Secretary,
The Peoples Church.

The Liberalist

FREEDOM—FELLOWSHIP—CHARACTER

PRESTON BRADLEY, LL.D., D.D.....Editor
GRACE THAYER BRADLEY.....Associate Editor
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Editorial

MY WHOLE editorial this month is just one effort to say "thank you." As we come to the end of our church year and I turn my mind back to that third Sunday in last September, and the weeks pass one by one before me, I am inspired and encouraged almost beyond expression. Every week has been one of activity and of accomplishment for our church and its allied organizations. A spirit of growth has been evidenced everywhere. Unity and cooperation are to be found throughout the entire life of our church. Every time I have gone into the building I have felt the inspiration and encouragement as never in my entire ministry, and since that memorable Sunday in December, which none of us will ever forget, there has been a still greater increase of interest and responsibility all along the line of our church work.

I had preached that morning in a particularly anxious mood. The Japanese diplomats were at the White House. For several days we had known that the whole situation was extremely delicate and dangerous, and as I refer back to the closing paragraph of my sermon, it seems almost prophetic, for I said: "The next few days may decide the fate of this world and the destiny of millions of human lives."

I took a train immediately after the service for Niles, Michigan, where I was to speak at a Memorial Service that afternoon, returning to my own pulpit for the evening service. There was no radio on the train and when I got off at South Bend, where I was met, to be driven to Niles, the friend who met me was in an excited state and said immediately to me, "Japan has attacked the Hawaiian Islands." I was speechless for a moment. We got into the car, turned on the radio and listened to the sordid tale of treachery and of death. That ride from South Bend to Niles will never be forgotten by me. On my return to the pulpit that evening I found the church overflowing with people, Channing Hall packed, and hundreds turned away. Nearly 2200 people were present at the service. As I walked into the building I sensed an atmosphere

which touched the depths of my soul. In that sermon I took a position which I have since maintained, and which I will stand by until the very end.

I hate war! I am opposed to war! I think it is just exactly what General Sherman said it was, and if I thought this were just another war which was being fought to re-establish old international techniques of balance of power and so on, I should oppose this war as effectively as I could. I do not believe this is just another war. It is the first world war and it must be the last world war. This world can build a world of international comity, understanding and peace, when the things for which the dictators stand are completely demolished and eradicated. Then will come the opportunity. There is no possible way that that opportunity can come without the application of force, the only technique which dictators understand. I think any other reasoning in regard to this situation is fallacious and unsound. They have brought it upon themselves, and they that draw the sword shall perish by the sword. There is no alternative now.

I am grateful and proud of the part our church is playing and the work we are doing in this wartime. Every organization in our church; every man and woman in the church is at work somewhere to help our men in the service and our nation in its trouble. I am proud to be the pastor of such people.

I started this editorial by saying I would attempt to say "thank you," and my words seem inadequate and futile. How can I ever thank the hundreds who sent telegrams and letters and the other hundreds who attended our Thirtieth Anniversary Observance on the evening of April 30th, an evening which will always remain as one of the happiest of my life. The gracious and magnanimous words spoken by Judge John P. McGoorty, who represented my Catholic friends; Rabbi Louis Binstock, who spoke for my Jewish friends; Henry Wadsworth Reed, who spoke for my negro friends, and who presented a beautiful poem, "God Bless You," and Dr. J. Morriston Thomas of the Ravenswood Congregational Church who, with delightful humor, spoke of the friendship which we enjoy, while the Uptown Chicago Community was represented by the Rev. Benjamin W. Will, who inspired me with his words of appreciation for the years which I have lived and worked in Uptown Chicago.

The main address of the evening was given by Dean Curtis W. Reese of Abraham Lincoln Center and President of the American Unitarian Association, who spoke eloquently and effectively on modern trends in religion. It was the interest which Mr. Reese took in my work in 1922 which finally resulted in our church becoming a Unitarian Church, and my own ministry being identified with the Unitarian denomination. It was apropos that he should be present, and his address was a noble and generous utterance.

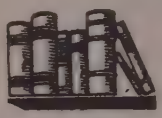
I received many letters and telegrams from former members now scattered over the earth. There are only two living charter members of our Board of Trustees, James F. Coombs, now a resident of Louisiana, and Major James F. Presnell, who has retired in California. Both of these former workers and intimate friends did not forget.

But it was not all said in words, for our members and radio friends co-operated in presenting to Mrs. Bradley and myself a generous United States Defense Bond, which represented $100 for every year which I have served the church. The associations deepen as the years pass. In family after family

I have stood by their side through experiences of sorrow and of happiness, trouble and joy, and I have christened in our church a little child whose grandfather and grandmother I married, whose mother I christened and married, and who knows? I may some day marry the little child! These associations are the most precious things in my life.

On an anniversary occasion it is perfectly natural to think about the past, but that is not the whole of its significance. We must now turn our faces toward the future. I am thinking and planning and working today for that future just as hard as I did for the future which is now past. Our church will be needed and needed as never before in the years which are to come. They will be years of greater opportunity than we have ever known. They will bring greater responsibility, too.

And so, to you all, simply, but oh so sincerely, I say "Thank you." P. B.



BOOK CHATS

GRATITUDE is one of the noblest of virtues, and something happened to me the other evening which demonstrated the spirit of gratitude in a most inspiring and encouraging way.

Since 1929 the Chicago Foundation for Literature, sponsored by the Friends of Literature, has been holding an annual Shakespeare Dinner, at which awards are made and recognition is given to those who have fostered, encouraged and created literature. The objects of the Chicago Foundation for Literature are: "To aid and encourage meritorious work by American writers of fiction and non-fiction — novels, short stories, poetry, drama, and other forms of literature, by means of prizes, awards, scholarships, and other methods determined by the foundation."

I have been active in the work of the Friends of Literature and the Foundation from the beginning, and have spoken or presided at every annual banquet which the organizations have held, and since 1929 have given an annual lecture every year for the benefit of the Foundation.

The members of the Friends of Literature and the Chicago Foundation for Literature have always been very kind in expressing their appreciation for anything which I have been able to do to help and foster an appreciation and understanding of good books, but I was wholly unprepared for what happened at the last dinner given in the Blackstone Hotel on the evening of May 9th, for at that dinner they gave me the Award for Distinguished Service to Literature. It came as a complete surprise, which made it all the more appreciated. Rather than thinking of it as an award for any service which I might have given to the Chicago Foundation for Literature, or the Friends of Literature, I think it was a recognition and tribute to our Book Lectures which, for nine years, have received such citywide recognition and national reputation. I am told by Publishers Weekly of New York that they are the most largely attended of all the regular book lectures held anywhere in the country. Every Wednesday night from November through March, I talk about a

book—some significant book, and I assume that the Friends of Literature think of this effort as sufficiently meritorious to receive their Award for Distinguished Service to Literature.

I always like to share every good thing which comes my way with the friends and workers of our church, and I want to share this Award with them, too. By their loyalty and interest, attendance and cooperation, my work is made possible, so whatever comes to me I share with them.

I am deeply appreciatve to those responsible for the presentation of the Award and it will inspire me to go on doing all I can to advance the appreciation and to stimulate an interest in good books.

On the same evening in which I was given the award, the Award for Non-Fiction was presented to Mr. Vincent Starrett, for his last book, "Books Alive"; and the poetry Award was given to Rachel Albright, the well-known poet, for her poems of the mid-west.

Those who have received the Awards from the Chicago Foundation for Literature are:

Henry Justin Smith	Marion Strobel
George Dillon	Alice Gerstenberg
Harriet Monroe	Uptown Players—J. Bradley, Griffin, Director
Carl Sandburg	
Lew Sarett	
Howard Vincent O'Brien	Louis Zara
	Alexander Saxton
Helena Carus	Dr. Percy H. Boynton
Elder Olson	Martin Stevers
Robert Abbott	Vincent Starrett
Rachel Albright	Dr. Preston Bradley

Prof. T. V. Smith

You will see on another page in this issue a facsimile of the Award. To all the friends who made this possible, I extend my unbounded appreciation.

* * * * *

One of the many books which you will hear much about has been recently published, called "The Last Time I Was in Paris," by Elliot Paul, a book in which one little street was all of Paris and all of France, and which is a biography, a geography, an obituary and an epitaph. Elliott Paul sums up in one sentence the book, and this is the sentence: "If only death were not the ultimate relief, and birth the worst disaster, in short if fate, or history, or progress, or God could have spared the Rue de la Huchette, from it another France might grow." I know of no book dealing with France, or with any part of France which can be compared to this book. It is a French history of the time from 1923, when the Americans came to live on a little Paris Street, to June, 1940, when the Germans came. Irrespective of the situation in which France now finds herself, there will be another France one of these days. I know every reader will be interested in this book.

* * * * *

Books about preachers have been increasing recently, and strange as it may seem, some of them have become best sellers. I have a letter from Hartzel Spence, who wrote "One Foot in Heaven," in which he expresses surprise that his book should ever have become as famous as it has, or that the picture from the book should have been seen by so many people. And now we have another book about a preacher, and it is already a best seller, with 80,000 copies sold. It is called "Old McDonald Had a Farm," and is written by Angus McDonald. It is a story of a "hell-fire and brimstone" preacher who ran a farm as if he were fighting the devil; and one critic has already said that the author writes something as Grant Wood painted. To read the book is to understand a little better the meaning of American democracy and to approve in particular the old man's rule of living: "work hard, spend little, and don't put on blue-bellied ways.".

I suggest that when you are looking for a book which will take your minds for a little while off from war, communiques and newspaper headlines, that you read "Old McDonald Had a Farm."

* * * * *

During these late spring and early summer days, when we have heard much about Victory Gardens, there might be some reader who would be interested in a very exhaustive book called "Grow Your Own Vegetables," by Paul W. Dempsey. If you are knowing the joy—and there are few greater joys in this world—of seeing things spring out of the earth from seeds which you have planted, you will find this book valuable and comprehensive.

* * * * *

If you would like copies of former book lectures, many of which have never been published, we have tied up twelve copies of the "Preston Bradley Speaking" magazine, in neat packages, which we would be very glad to send you. I think they would be favorably received by the boys in the camps; and we will send them direct to any address that you designate. The price is only $1 for the twelve magazines, and you may send it to Mrs. T. A. Harrison, care The Peoples Church, 941 Lawrence Avenue, and she will be very happy to mail them for you. Each number contains not only book lectures, but sermons and other articles. These were printed to sell for $3 for the series. We would be very glad to donate them if it were possible. It is a considerable donation, keeping the price as low as it has been made. I hope you will send for several packages and mail them to the camps.

* * * * *

Our prediction about the "Flight to Arras" has come true. Today it is the No. 1 Best Seller in non-fiction throughout the nation, and the book is entitled to this high rating by the readers throughout the nation. The number of readers of non-fiction is constantly increasing. There is much more interest everywhere in the more substantial type of book which deals authoritatively with the problems and conditions of society, of the nations, governments and the people.

* * * * *

There is a world-wide renewal of interest in Count Leo Tolstoi. This is not strange nor unexpected, for Tolstoi is one of the greatest writers of all time in any language, and now Simon & Schuster of New York have published a new edition of his great novel "War and Peace," which is literally sweeping the country. As happens with so many classics, "War and Peace" has been a book which people have talked about, but which few people have read, but when Hitler invaded Russia it became a Best Seller immediately. For a time in Russia the Soviets attempted to ban the reading of Tolstoi, but today his works have risen from a circulation of 8,991,000 in nine languages for the twenty years preceding the revolution to 18,452,000 in 53 languages during the twenty years following the revolution; and Ivy Low, who is Mrs. Maxim Litvinov, and who has translated several of his stories, tells us that these figures would have been doubled and trebled except for the paper shortage.

The book was first read forty years ago, and yet it has a greater message and a more universal appeal today than when it was first printed. There is a world-wide renewal of interest in Tolstoi and his work wherever people still can choose what they desire to read. In all of the United Nations Tolstoi has had a miraculous renewal of interest. "War and Peace" is a big book—there are 1370 pages—but it is

a book for these times and for this hour.

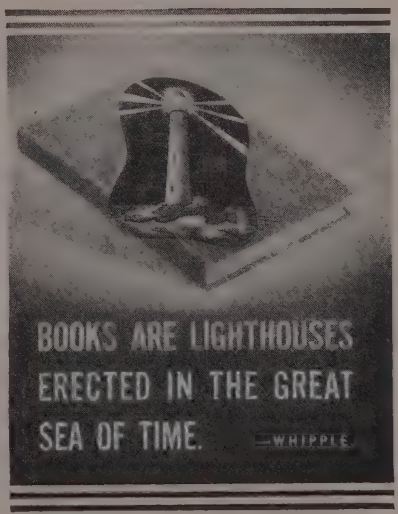
* * * * *

We are all interested in any authoritative discussion of the kind of a world we hope will come into being after this war. I am giving a list of books which every student of this problem will find valuable:

Economic Consequences of the Second World War, by Lewis Levitsky Lorwin (Random House)
America and the World Mastery, by John MacCormas (Duell)
Postwar Worlds, by Percy Elwood Corbett (Farrar)
Strategy For Democracy, by John Donald Kingsley and David W. Petegorsky (Longmans)
Foundations of Modern World Society, by Linden A. Mander (Stanford University Press)
Two-Way Passage, by Louis Adamic (Harper)
The Reconstruction of World Trade, by John Bell Condliffe (Norton)
The Reconstruction of Europe, by Guglielmo Ferrero (Putnam)
Plan for Permanent Peace, by Hans Heyman (Harper)
International Federation of Democracies, by Julia Emily Johnson (Wilson)
Union Now With Britain, by Clarence K. Streit (Harper)
Prepare for Peace! by Dr. Henry Merritt Wriston (Harper)
A Lasting Peace, by James Clerk Maxwell Garnett (Norton)
Church and the New Order, by Dr. William Paton (Macmillan)
Peace Aims and the New Order, by Ronald Wililam Gordon Mackay (Dodd)
America's Strategy in World Politics, by Nicholas John Spykman (Harcourt Brace)
Jews in a Gentile World, by Isacque Graeber, Steuart Henderson Britt and others (Macmillan)
Religion and the World of Tomorrow, by Walter W. Van Kirk (Willett)

William Ellery Channing said:

"God be thanks for books. They are the voices of the distant and the dead, and make us heirs of the spiritual life of past ages. Books are the true levellers. They give to all who will faithfully use them the society, the spiritual presence of the best and greatest of our race. No matter how poor I am, no matter though the prosperous of my own time will not enter my obscure dwelling. If the sacred writers will enter and take up their abode under my roof, if Milton will cross my threshold to sing to me of Paradise, and Shakespeare, to open to me the worlds of imagination and the workings of the human heart, and Franklin to enrich me with his practical wisdom, I shall not pine for want of intellectual companionship, and I may become a cultivated man though excluded from what



is called the best society, in the place where I live."

The Chicago Foundation for Literature

is honored to present to

Dr. Preston Bradley

the

Award for Distinguished Service to Literature

as exemplified by the excellence of his contributions to the literary life of the age through the nobility of his own writings; his sympathetic evaluation of the writings of his predecessors and contemporaries; and his inspirational lectures which have encouraged thousands to read good books.

Given at the Eleventh Annual Shakespeare Birthday Program and Award Dinner on May 9, 1942, at the Blackstone Hotel, Chicago, Illinois.

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Dr. Bradley's Engagements For the Month

From April 16th to May 15th

APRIL

19—Attendance Union Evangelical Church, Mexico City, Mexico

23—Address. American Foundrymen's Assoc. Banquet. Hotel Cleveland, Clevelond, O.

25—Address. Army of Santiago Banquet. Edgewater Beach Hotel

26—Morning Service. Peoples Church

27—Board Meeting, Chicago Public Library

28—Address. Men's Club, Methodist Church, Beloit, Wis.

29—Address. Kiwanis Club. Chillicothe, Ill.

30—Address. Church Anniversary. Peoples Church

MAY

1—Address. Annual Fathers and Sons Dinner. Peoples Church School

2—Address. Annual Banquet, American Institute of Banking. Milwaukee, Wis.

3—Morning Service. Peoples Church

100th Anniversary Address. First Congregational Church. Crystal Lake, Ill.

4—Address. Spring Luncheon, Woman's Club, Peoples Church. Edgewater Beach Hotel

Address. Gale PTA

5—Address. Mutual Life Ins. Co. Dedication

Address. Defense Rally. Peoples Church

Meeting Board of Trustees. Peoples Church

6—Lecture on Mexico. Peoples Church

7—Address. Batavia, Ill. High School Auditorium

8—Address. High School Commencement. Walnut, Ill.

9—Annual Banquet. Friends of Literature. Blackstone Hotel

10—Morning Service. Peoples Church

Address. Warren Avenue Congregational Church.

11—Address. Rodfei Zedek Sisterhood Luncheon. Shoreland Hotel

Address. High School Auditorium. Joliet, Ill.

12—Address. Spaulding School Commencement

Address. Stevens Hotel. Refrigeration All-Industry Convention

13—College Assembly. Northern Ill. State Teachers College. DeKalb, Ill.

14—Address. Commencement, Earl Park, Ind.

15—Address. Commencement, Fowler, Ind.

Weddings

APRIL

22—Donald Klausman and Blanche Whyard

25—Bernard Strycholski and Louise Turza

Oscar Krause and Aldine Pias

MAY

2—Basil T. Church and Muriel Helene Bernsteen

6—John B. Miller and Henrietta Hyams

7—Wm. A. Hall and Stephanie C. Ziegler

9—Ann Slosarski and Thomas Ingstrup

—FOR VICTORY: BUY BONDS—

Funerals

APRIL

24—Mrs. Laura D. Warne
28—John Thorning

MAY

1—Maud Bracklin
Curtis Herman Koch
5—Charles Weiss
6—Samuel Emanuel
Augusta Kopp
12—Anna Anderson
George Hinkley
Anna Rothe

Christenings

MAY

3—Karin Evelyn Grimsley, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Warren Grimsley
Elizabeth Ann May, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Eugene May
10—Albert Rowland Bassler, son of Mr. and Mrs. Clyde Bassler
Carole Ann Lill, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Robert Lill

The Flagpole

By D. E. MUMFORD

AT sunrise, at the bugle call
We mark Old Glory's rise;
And well admire the tall smooth pole
That lifts her to the skies.

At noonday, as we pause a bit,
Old Glory proudly flies;
Our glance slips down the tall, smooth pole
That holds her in the skies.

At sunset, at the bugle call,
She's lowered, Heaven blest;
But still it is the tall, smooth pole
That guides her down to rest.

—*The Singing Quill*

Pamphlet Describes "What's Going On At Peoples Church"

New members of the Peoples Church will surely want to obtain copies of a small mimeographed pamphlet called "What's going on at Peoples Church." This booklet, just prepared, gives a brief description of each of the organizations of the Church, tells who may join them, explains the purposes of each, and tells when and where each club meets. In addition it contains a CLUB TIME TABLE giving a calendar of the month's meetings.

Any new members wishing to know more about the organizations of the Church, or any old member who has not yet become affiliated with a church group but would like to, is urged to ask the office or the usher for a copy of this pamphlet. When you do get this booklet, show it to your friends and neighbors and help them to become interested and active in the Peoples Church. V.K.B.

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WATCH THE TERMITES!

IF ANY of you have ever gone up Long's Peak in Colorado, you will find on the way, off from one of the trails that lead to the summit, a very interesting specimen of a rotting, decaying, and ancient tree. Its branches are almost gone. The inside of the tree is rotted out. There is but a remnant of its ancient bark and it is rapidly disappearing. When you stand and look at this ancient tree, the age of which, according to people who know, must be over 400 years—they say it must have died that long ago—you are filled with wonder.

In that particular part of Colorado where this tree lived its life and performed its destiny, it was subject to all sorts of destructive forces which came to it from natural causes; great winds had blown against its branches; intense cold had tried to chill its heart; heat had tried to stifle its life; but it survived every one of these environmental conditions which were seeking its destruction.

What finally killed the tree? We are told that after it had survived all the attacks by nature; after cold and heat and lightning and the coming and going of the seasons had done their worst, it was finally attacked by millions of small beetles, which ate at its heart and worked their way down into the tree—little beetles that you could have crushed between your forefinger and thumb, so small that they were almost microscopic, and individually would present no danger to anything. Thousands and thousands of them entered through the bark of the tree into the very life and heart of its majesty and beauty.

It withstood the intrusion for awhile. The protective fortification which nature creates against destruction worked its best and exhaustively until there was nothing further that could be done. One night this 400-year-old tree crashed down the mountainside of Long's Peak. What lightning could not do, what none of its great enemies could do, the little beetle was able to accomplish.

It seems to me there is a very vivid and undeniable analogy between this tree, this nation and ourselves. Without any doubt it will be proven that we can withstand the larger attacks of every character and kind, but I wonder sometimes if we are aware of the little, almost hidden, insidious, smaller aspects of this problem which faces us all. Sometimes it is the little annoyances and the little difficulties of life which seem to possess an accumulative power and work havoc and destruction. I have discovered in my observation of people, that which I think most of you will affirm as being similar to your own observation: that under the unusual pressures of life, the unusual things that come into our lives, of great magnitude, which call for great effort, when some great tragedy comes or some great disaster, almost everyone seems to possess a latent power which they did not realize was there at all.

In other words, the emergencies of our lives possess the ability of drawing out a reserve that we did not know was there, and our strength is in the reserve. The nation, after all, is but the accumulation of individuals, and if each of us learns how to handle these little termites and beetles of life, we are adding tremendously to the sum-total strength and power of our nation.

To live masterfully in this hour is our greatest challenge and our highest privilege.

P. B.

Church Activities

SUNDAY MORNING SERVICE.....11:00 o'clock
(Closes for summer, June 14th)

SUNDAY EVENING SERVICE (November to Easter).....7:30 o'clock

CHURCH SCHOOL OF RELIGIOUS EDUCATION.....
.....(Closes for summer, June 14th) 9:30 o'clock—Channing Hall
Sunday School Annual Picnic, Saturday, June 20th, Forest Glen Park, Forest Ave. & Elston Ave. Busses for children leave church 10:30 a.m.

JUNIOR CHURCH.....11:00 o'clock—Hall C
(Closes for summer, June 14th)

WEDNESDAY EVENING BOOK LECTURE.....
.....(November through March) 8:00 o'clock—Church Auditorium

TOWN HALL CLUB (to be resumed in Fall).....Channing Hall

CHOIR REHEARSALS.....Church Auditorium
(Close Thursday night, June 11th)

RED CROSS UNIT..Every Thursday in Channing Hall 9:30-4:00 o'clock.

THE PEOPLES CHURCH GUILD.....
.....4872 Sheridan Road—Open daily 9:00 to 5:00, except Sunday
(November through April) (Saturday closes at noon)

WOMAN'S CLUB.....Meets every second Monday, October through April
Monday, June 8th, Card Pary—Channing Hall—1:30 p.m.
Notice of all summer events will be mailed members.

PROFESSIONAL AND BUSINESS WOMAN'S CLUB
Meets every second and fourth Monday, October through April.
Notice of summer events will be mailed members or 'phone Miss Grace Marsh, Lon. 1256.

MEN'S CLUB.....Channing Hall—8:00 p.m.
Meets every fourth Monday, October through May
Monday, May 25th, Final meeting for season

USHERS' CLUB.....Meets every second Thursday, October through June
Notice of June picnic will be mailed members

YOUNG PEOPLE'S CLUB—Meets every First and Third Tuesday, October through June
June 10th—4-Star Review— (Church Talent) Channing Hall.
25c, plus tax.
Notice of summer events will be mailed members

THE UPTOWN PLAYERS—J. Bradley-Griffin, Director. Drama Teas—First Sunday of the month, October through May, in Channing Hall, at 4:00 p.m. Plays discontinued until the Fall Season.
Plays: Five plays to be given 1942-43 Season at the Civic Theater, Wacker Drive and Washington Blvd. Subscriptions now available for Fall Season—$4; $3; $2.50.
Studio—410 South Michigan Ave.,—Webster 2123

JUNIOR THEATER OF UPTOWN PLAYERS....Lenore Brown, Director
.....Plays announced from time to time

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Time of Service 11:00 A.M.

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